

THE
Festival of Momus,

OR COMPLETE
CABINET OF WIT;

BEING A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF

Lively Repartees, Bon-Mots, Choice Puns,

AND OTHER SPECIES OF

PLEASING WITTICISMS,

EVER OFFERED THE PUBLIC;

THE WHOLE CALCULATED TO

Banish Care, and make the Heart Gay.

*Selected from the Port-Folios, and other Repositories of Fun, of the
Lodge of Odd Fellows,*

BY AN ARCH WAG!

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The Biter Bit.

The son of a country squire was in love with a daughter of a cow-herd; and promised her marriage, if she would permit him to use a husband's privilege beforehand. She consented. Soon after the squire forced his son to marry a rich heiress. At the celebration of the wedding, the cow-herd's daughter intervening, was not appeased but by payment of a round sum. At night the bride asked her husband, "What occasioned the tumult?" who told her the story. "What a foolish girl!" said the bride, "to tell it to the world. My mother's man *lay with me* when he pleased, for these two years, and I never told it; nor should to you, dearest, but that my mother says there should be no secrets between man and wife."

Irish Bull.

When the Irish peasants come over to work at the harvest, the general salutation between them and their acquaintances when they land is—"Ah, Paddy, I am glad to see you on the other side of the water."

Habit of Swearing.

A person asked the minister of his parish what was meant by "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "My good friend," said the Minister, "it means that he had got a *habit of swearing*."

Tax on Windows.

Two gentleman passing by some new houses in London, one of them observed that there were too few windows, but by saving the tax it would be good for the *liver*. "True," says the other, 'but damned bad for the *lights*.'

A Method of clearing Justice.

A slave of Omer, the viceroy, fled from his service, but was retaken, and brought before the king; who, at Omer's instigation, condemned him to death. The slave upon this said, "O king, I am an innocent man; and, if I die by thy command, thy blood will be required. Permit me then to incur guilt before I meet my sentence. Let me kill this Omer, my master, and I shall die contented. It is for thy sake only I desire this." The king, laughing at this new mode of clearing his own justice, acquitted the wretch.

A Loan.

A person came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the schoolmaster of Toledo, founder of the college of St. Catherine, who sent for a purse of reals, and gave them to him. The borrower took them; and put them in his purse without counting them. The schoolmaster observing this, asked for

for the purse, that he might see there was the sum; but, returning it to the chest, said, "A man that borrows without counting, can never mean to repay."

Respect to Age.

In the Panathenæa, (a course of solemn games at Athens) an old Athenian came late to the theatre, and found it difficult to procure a seat. The audience even made a jest of him, calling to him *Here is room*; and sitting close when he came to the spot, so as always to reject him. The old man, being in great distress, not only with toiling along, but with being made a public laughing stock, at length came to the seats of the Spartans, who, all rising to a man, gave him the best place among them. At this, the whole theatre resounded with shouts of applause; and the old Athenian rising up, exclaimed, "the Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practise* it."

Physician Fee.

A Bath physician visiting a patient who was very ill, used daily to receive his guinea from the gentleman's sister. She happening to be out of the way at the last visit, when the patient was in the very jaws of death, he (almost unable to speak) desired the Doctor to put his hand in his pocket, and take out a guinea. "But, my friend," said the Doctor, by way of a good thing, "would not that be rather like *picking your pocket*?"—"Very *like it indeed!*" said the dying man.

Epigram.

Tom ever joyial, ever gay,
 To appetite a slave;
 Still w——s and drinks his life away,
 And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis this that makes us disagree,
 So different is our whim;
 The fellow fondly laughs at me,
 And I could cry for him.

Wit.

In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined wit? The doctor replied, "My lord, *wit* is like what a *pension* would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a *good thing well applied*."

Spectacles.

Robin, who to the plough was bred,
 And who could neither write nor read,
 Seeing the good old people use,
 To read with things across the nose,
 Which they for ever wore about 'em,
 And said they could not read without 'em;
 Spying a shop where such like things,
 Hang dangling in a row on strings,
 It took him in the head to stop,
 And ask the master of the shop
 If he could furnish folks that need,
 With glasses that could make 'em read;
 Sell 'em a pair of what d'ye call it,
 Would fit his nose, and wouldn't gall it.

The

The man his draw'r in one hand took,
 The other ope's a bible book;
 The draw'r contains of glasses plenty,
 From three times five to five and twenty;
 Some set in horn and some in leather,
 But Robin could approve of neither;
 And when a score of pairs he try'd,
 And still had thrown 'em all aside,
 The man grew peevish—Bob grew vex't,
 And swore he couldn't read the text.
 " Not read ! confound you for a fool,
 I'll hang if you e'er went to school;
 Could you e'er read without the help
 Of spectacles ?"—" Why no, ye whelp,
 Do people that can walk without,
 Buy wooden legs to stump about ?"

Moses.

A boy being catechized was asked who was the *wickedest man*—he answered, Moses. " Moses !" exclaimed the parson, " how could that be ?"—" Why," said the boy, "*he broke all the commandments at once.*"

Genealogy.

A Scotch gentleman has written a genealogical account of his family for upwards of *twelve thousand years*. Towards the middle of it there is a *N. B.* *About this time the world was created !*

A native of one of the Hebrides being joked about the smallness of his island, the most central place not being four miles from the sea, an Irishman in company joined in the laugh, exultingly

ingly swearing, That *no part of Old Ireland was half so near it!*

Member for BARK-shire.

A dog having one day got into the House of Commons, by his barking interrupted *Lord North*, who happened to be opening one of his budgets.—His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new Oppositionist he was attacked? A wag replied, “It was the new *member for Bark-shire.*”

Bon Mot.

During the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of strong body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted a member: “I think,” said he, to the president, “I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a *great* man, in the *literal* sense of the word;”—“True,” replied the other, “but I am afraid you are only a *little* man in the *literary* sense of the word.”

The Man of Genius.

A young gentleman at the University of Cambridge, who was known to have a very pretty talent for making verses, having one day found the “*furor scribendi*” particularly urgent, retired into his own apartment, to indulge himself in his favorite occupation. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and as the warmth of his imagination corresponded with the fervor without, his poetry could not fail to be uncommonly *glowing*. He accordingly began as follows:

The sun’s perpendicular heat,
Illumines the depth of the sea:

He

He had proceeded thus far, when Phœbus, whose beams are sometimes found to inspire sleep as well as genius, exerted the former power upon him with such effect, that in a few minutes he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow collegian coming into the room while the poet was in this situation, and seeing from the paper which was laying before him, the nature of his employment, he immediately added two other lines to the above, in order to complete the verse. The *man of genius*, awaking soon after, to his utter astonishment and confusion read as follows :

The sun's perpendicular heat
 Illumines the depth of the sea:
 " *And fishes beginning to sweat,*
Cry'd: D—n it how hot we shall be."

The Medicine Chest.

A careless surgeon of a man of war,
 Who seldom minded much the sickly tar,
 But always, with him whatsoe'er the matter,
 Prescrib'd a plenteous dose of *salt sea water*;
 Wishing once to have a cruize ashore,
 His friendss perhaps to visit, or a w——:
 In going down the vessel's lofty side,
 He got a slip, and plung'd into the tide:
 On deck, the captain strutting to and fro,
 Heard the loud splash and bustle down below;
 And calling in a sharp imperious tone,
 Desir'd to know. *what fun was going on.*
 " Only, Sir," cry'd a tar who lov'd his jest,
 " The doctor's slipt into his *Med'cine Chest.*"

Curious.

Curious Explanation of M. D. F. R. S.

The keeper of a paltry alehouse had on his sign, after his name, the letters, M. D. F. R. S. A Physician, who was moreover a Fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Indeed, Sir," said he, "I have as good a right to them as you have."—"What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the doctor. "I mean," returned the other, "that I am *Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fusileers*."

A Dialogue.

The Alarmists. Do you not see those men upon the heath?—a strange, sour looking gang, with a parson at their head.

John Bull. I think I do; but I am somewhat near-sighted.

Alarmist. There have been many robberies committed on this heath formerly,

John Bull. So I am told.

Alarmists. You heard of the terrible fire last night over the river at Gaulstown?

John Bull. I did.

Alarmists. A most shocking fact—supposed to have been set on fire by the gypsies. There was horrid plundering and murdering; and several women and children found roasted in the rubbish.

John Bull. Indeed!

Alarmists (significantly.) Those people must be the very gypsies.

John Bull. They are coming this way, sure enough.

Alarmists. Highwaymen of the worst sort! You had better be upon your guard. Housebreakers, footpads,

footpads, pickpockets, fortunetellers, all in one! There are several foreign ruffians come over lately to join them.

John Bull. I have a deal of property about me.

Alarmists. The soldiers are very near; we had better see them to stand by us.

John Bull. Aye, do, do.

A Bystander. Really, Sir, there is no danger.

John Bull. No danger, wretch! I suppose you are in league with the rogues. Precaution is always prudence.

Alarmists (severally.) Let me take charge of your watch, Sir.—Give me your gold, Sir.—I'll keep your pocket-book—these bank notes are better destroyed, Sir.—Will you not take out your buckles too?

John Bull. You are really very kind, gentlemen—but now I begin to see the men plainer, I think I know them: O yes, perfectly. They are only the people that come from the Dipper's meeting. You may return me my property, gentlemen.

Alarmists. That, Sir, is impossible; 'tis all disposed of.

John Bull. Disposed of! how disposed of? I might as well have given it to those poor fellows. 'Tis all one to me whom I am robbed by.

Alarmists. True, Sir; but it is not all one to us.

Prince Ferdinand reproved by a Watchmaker.

Prince Ferdinand took great pleasure in visiting the shop of an ingenious watchmaker, at Geneva, and passed there many hours. One day, he found written over the chimney-piece, in large characters —“ *The hours of the industrious are lost by the intrusions*

intrusions of the idle." Conceiving immediately that this sarcasm was levelled at him, he thought it proper to apologize for his intrusions, and to assure the artizan, that, if he had made him spend his time unprofitably, he would willingly make him any recompence. To this the watchmaker said, "Sir, I assure you, in putting up this I had no such intention as you suppose; the time which your Highness passes in my shop is to me a great pleasure, and I consider myself very highly honoured by your visits; but at the same time, I shall tell you very candidly, that your Highness has been the occasion of this hint." The astonished prince having desired the watchmaker to explain himself, he said, that while his Highness was engaged in the campaign, he lost half of his time by people coming into the shop to announce his victories.

The Two Dreamers.

It is a custom among the Canadean Indians, that when one dreams that another has rendered him any service the person dreamed of thinks it a duty to fulfill the dream if possible. A chief one morning came to the governor, Sir William Johnson, and told him that he had last night dreamed that Sir William had made him a present of the suit of regimentals he wore. The governor readily presented them to him; but as the Indian was going out, "Stop," said he, "I had almost forgot, but I dreamed of *you* last night; I dreamed that you gave me such a tract of land," describing a large tract.—"You shall have it," said he; "but if you please, Sir William, we will not *dream* any more."

The Military Extinguisher.

A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his leg. The grenadier, upon this infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer, by the tip, said, "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would *extinguish* you."

Epigram.

Gold is so ductile, learned chymists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wond'rous way;
The metal's base, or else the chymists err,
For now-a-days our guineas wont *go far*.

Ruffs.

A respectable morning print observed, on the introduction of the fashion for the fair sex to wear Queen Elizabeth's ruffs round the neck—"It requires a pretty fair, to suit this ornament. Some wrinkled countenances look for all the world like JOHN the BAPTIST's head in a charger!"

Epigram, to a Poet.

Unthrifty wretch! why still confine
Thy soul and homage to the *nine*?
'Tis time to bid the *nine* begone,
And now take care of number *one*.

Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Doddridge, says Johnson, was author of the finest epigram in the English language; the subject was taken from the family motto. "Dum vivamus vivamus"—which, to be sure, was not quite

quite so proper for an English divine. But he paraphrased it thus:

“Live while you live,” the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;”
“Live while you live,” the sacred preacher cries,
“And catch each fleeting moment as it flies.”
Lord, in my life let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to thee!

Popular Justice.

Two Jews, old cloathsmen, with venerable beards, were passing by a stable door near Tottenham-court-road, one Friday, when a couple of jackets so fascinated them, that they could not resist the temptation to give them a place with their own wares. Whilst they were secreting the jackets, the two owners, who were drinking porter on the opposite side of the way, were observing the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Rabbies, looked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain preparations which promised better things than a jail, or lawyer's wig, or even a fine. They then tied the Rabbies together, matted their beards, and smeared them with warm shoe-makers wax. As soon as the wax was cooled, and the people around had enjoyed sufficiently the sight of the venerable patriarchs in this fraternal embrace, the postillions applied to each nose by intervals, a few pinches of snuff, which occasioned such a concussion of noses, and such sputtering, that, of five hundred spectators, there was not one who did not depart highly pleased with this spectacle of distributive justice.

A witty

A Witty Town-crier.

A gentleman seeing the town-crier of Bristol, one market day, standing unemployed, asked him the reason. "Oh," replied he, "I can't cry to-day, my wife is dead!"

Pun.

The Marquis of Bassompierre, who had been confined in the Bastille during twelve years, was one day reading the bible in his prison. The governor entered it by chance, and said to him—"What are you looking for in that book?" "I am looking," answered the Marquis. "for a passage to escape from hence."

Epitaph, on a Tomb-stone in Essex.

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They no care had nor pain;
And the wife wore the breeches.

The Foundling.

"Pray, my good old woman, who are the parents of this boy?" "The Lord above, he only knows; for they tell me he was brought to the hospital when he was only a few months old—who was his mother is difficult to tell; and still more, who was his real father, as you well know, Sir, for they have never been found out: but it stands to reason that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother ex-

cept Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times. So this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they are no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your presence, is neither more nor less than an *unnatural* child; for if he had been born in the *natural* way of marriage, it stands to reason that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Lord Townsend.

During Lord Townsend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise through the city; he had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door. Having found him out, he stopped to have his boots cleaned, which was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea. "Half a guinea! your honour," said the ragged wit, "change for half a guinea from me! —By G—, Sir, you may as well ask a *highlander* for a *knee-buckle!*" His lordship was so well pleased that he left him the piece of gold, and walked off.

The Boots.

A gentleman of rank, notorious for not paying his tradesmen's bills, happening to call on a friend in a remarkably handsome pair of boots, which the other very much admired, asked him jocularly, how he thought he got those boots. His friend made several guesses, such as his ordering half a dozen

dozen pair more, and promising then to pay for the whole, &c. &c. "No," said the other, "all your guesses are far wide of the mark, and you might guess a thousand times ere you found it out—*Why, I paid for them.*"

Fashions.

When fashions are worn out in this country, the antiquated articles are sent to Germany, Sweden, and Russia. A vessel laden with such merchandise was run down in the channel of St. Petersburg. Next day a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; two cods were caught with muslin handkerchiefs round their necks, a hadock wore a bosom friend, sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste, and not a fish was to be seen that was not dressed in the freshest London fashions that had ever visited the north.

Epitaph on Mr. Alderman Curtis, supposed to be written by himself.

Here lies *William Curtis*, late our Lord Mayor,
Who has left *this here world*, and gone to *that there*.

The Preacher.

It was said of a ——— preacher, who was forced to hide for debt, "Six days he is *invisible*, and on Sundays he is *incomprehensible*."

Revenge.

Rabelais informs us that Panurge, in a voyage at sea, had a quarrel with a merchant who had a flock of sheep to sell: the passengers interposed, and made them shake hands and drink together.

Panurge still meditating revenge, so contrives it by stratagem as to drown all the sheep, and the merchant along with them, and, rejoicing over his exploit, says to his companion—"Friar John, hear this from me: No man ever did me displeasure without repenting it, either in this world or the next."

Dr. Jortin observes, "When a man is raised from *nothing*, nothing will content him."

Ode to a Pig, while his Nose was being bored.

Hark! hark! that pig—that pig! the hideous note,
More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows—
Would you not think the knife was in his throat?
And yet they are only boring thro' his nose.

You foolish beast, so rudely to withstand
Your master's will, to feel such idle fears!
Why, pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not bor'd and also ring'd her ears.

Pig! 'tis your master's pleasure—then be still,
And hold your nose to let the iron through!
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will?
Rebellious swine! you know not what you do!

To man o'er every beast the power was given,
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more!
Would you rebel against the will of heaven?
You impious beast, be still, and let them bore!

Retaliation.

A certain secretary, of the name of T——y, in the present administration, was lately asked by a particular friend, why he did not promote merit:
to

to which he pertinently answered, "Why! because merit did not promote me."

A Bull.

On a motion being made, some years since, in the King's Bench, the counsel (previously apologizing for the inditing, as it was written by an attorney of a sister kingdom) described a situation in the following words: "That there were thirty acres of land round a house *intended* to be built."

The famous Sidney.

During Mr. Sidney's stay in France, as he was hunting one day with the French King, and being mounted on a fine English horse, whose form and spirits caught the king's eye, he received a message that he would oblige the king with his horse, at his (Mr Sidney's) own price. He answered, that he did not chuse to part with him. The king was determined to have no denial, and gave orders to tender him money and seize the horse, which being made known to Mr. Sidney, he instantly took a pistol and shot him, saying, "that his horse was a *free* creature, and served a *free* man, and should not be mastered by a king of *slaves*."

Epigram.

A miser, drawing near his end,
Was by his doctor urg'd to send
(As he to cure had fail'd in skill)
For proctor Page, to make his *will*.
The Will drawn up in usual form—
"I give!" Gripus began to storm—
"Give!—not a sixpence will I give
To mortal being, while I live!"

"Then,

"Then, Sir, to whom bequeath your pelf?"

"To whom?" quoth Gripus, "to *myself*!"

"Sir, Sir, if you will not declare,
The law will speedy find an heir."

"You're curs'd mistaken, Mr. Proctor,
As much as in my case the doctor:
My wealth is hid so safe, d'ye mind it?
That law nor devil e'er shall find it."

Grave Physic star'd, the Lawyer sigh'd,
Old Gripus grin'd and groan'd, and died;
When Doctor, Proctor, strange to see,
Their *exit* made—*without a fee*.

Riots.

Among many others who were brought before the Birmingham magistrates, during the late disturbances, was a woman, charged with encouraging the rioters, and uttering some bitter maledictions against the millers and bakers; but it appearing that she was the wife of a very poor man, and the mother of several small children, the magistrates, unwilling to detach her from the care of five little starvings, asked if she had any body to speak to her character? when no one appearing but her husband, he was ordered to take care that in future she should be more cautious in the exercise of that unruly member, her tongue. "That I cannot, gentlemen," said the poor fellow; "the devil cannot *stop* her tongue, and I have long since found it necessary, for my own peace, to decline every attempt of the kind!"

Paddy's Verdict.

A conversation arising in a company where an Irishman was, respecting the verdict to be given
where

where the farmer was killed by his bull, Paddy swore, "By Ja—s, it ought to be *Munslaughter!*"

Admiral Nelson.

The people of Vienna are said to take great delight in *dressing* after admiral Nelson: the French, on the contrary, never felt more miserable than after the *dressing* they received from him.

Influenza.

"Pray, Sir," a gentleman was asking an apothecary, "how do you medical gentlemen treat the influenza which has for some time prevailed?" "Why," replied the apothecary, "there is no saying how the physicians treat it, for some of them order one thing and some another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it, and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*."

Irish Bull.

"Do not send for Dr. S——," said Captain ———, "for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and upon my conscience, he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued *sick a fortnight after he was quite well!*"

The Union: Or the Difference between this and that.

Says Terrence to Paddy, in friendly communion,

"How comes it, dear Pat, that you rail at the
union?"

Why, I thought you were *UP*, man—remember the
Which along with the *pike* we accepted of both,
When we swore unto *France* to be faithful and true,
And the *union* we always would keep in our view."

When

When grasping his cudgel—with a wink—replies
Pat, [that!]

“Why true, my dear Terry, but—*this*, is not

Repartee.

A gentleman was leaving his box at the theatre, when a silly fop of his acquaintance, to induce him to remain, assured him, that if he would stay only till the farce was over he would accompany him to supper. “I have” answered the wit, “already got such a surfeit of *nonsense* that I cannot bear any *more* this night.

Pythagorean Diet.

“Some people are of opinion,” said a compassionate lady at a dinner, “that there was no necessity for killing any animal whatever for the food of mankind, as they might be nourished on grain, roots, and other productions of the earth.” “That would be carrying the joke too far,” said a fat alderman present, “and reducing us all to a state of *barbarism*, like the Gentoos, and other savage nations unacquainted with the liberal arts.”

Books.

“Books, Sir, when too closely applied to, will produce an aching in the strongest heads.”

“I will not contradict what you assert, Sir,” answered a citizen, “though I must acknowledge that books have always a salutary effect on me, by producing sleep.”

“They have quite a contrary effect on my son; but he indeed studies rather too much; however, it is to be hoped that he will reap the fruit *hereafter*.”

“There

"There can be no doubt of it; particularly if it be the *bible* which your son studies."

"The *bible*! why you know he was bred to the law."

"That indeed makes a material difference; for I never knew a lawyer who studied the bible."

"To be sure you never did—and don't you know the reason why?"

"Because they are not *paid* for it, perhaps."

Epigram, on a Bed.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And, born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach in bed may shew
Of human bliss to human woe.

On a Gentleman's Pocket being picked of his Watch.

He that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and *watch* his pocket too.

Old Bailey Wit.

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not be passed against him. "Say!" replied he, "why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the least that is said about it the better—If you please, Sir, we'll drop the subject."

The Shoes.

A lady of the *haut ton* gave orders to a shoemaker in Bond-street for a pair of shoes of the most elegant taste; when they were brought home she was delighted with them—never was any thing seen so handsome. After admiring them for two
hours,

hours, she put them on, and wore them all the evening. Next morning, when she was again putting them on, she found them unfit for use. She sent for the shoe-maker: "Sir, this is quite shocking; these shoes, which I got only yesterday, are all torn to pieces, and can never again be worn."—"Impossible, Madam—'tis beyond my comprehension. Ah, gad, no! how stupid I am! it must be so! I'll hold five guineas that your ladyship has *walked in them!*"

A Hint to Gamesters.

Accept this advice, ye who sit down to play,
The best *throw* o' the dice is to *throw them away*.

*On a Lamplighter slipping off from his Ladder with
his lighted torch in his Hand.*

Though sorely bruised, you foolish elf,
Why d—n the ladder, curse yourself?
Good fortune this you e'en may call,
Since you have had so *light* a fall.

Reversing the Order of Things.

An old man who had seen something of the world, and who was desirous that his son should profit by his experience, told him that nothing was more important in the conduct of life, than to do every thing in its proper order and place. "For instance," said he, "if you desire to settle in the world, get first a *house*, then a *wife*, then a *child*." The young man, however, profited as little by this short lesson, as the son of the Earl of Chesterfield, profited by his lordship's voluminous lessons, for he got first a *child*, then a *wife*, and then a *house*.

Pride.

In Rome it is a common thing to see an innumerable quantity of persons of all nations, to whom, at certain hours, some of the monasteries give soup daily.

A Castillian, who had just arrived, and did not know at what time the distribution was made, applied to a French ecclesiastic for information. The vanity of the Spaniard would not permit him to ask plainly, at whose house they gave the soup? it was a species of question that appeared too mean. After endeavouring for some time to find a mode of expression not quite so low, he thought it was better to ask the Frenchman if he had taken his chocolate? "My chocolate!" replied the ecclesiastic, "how do you suppose I am to pay for it? I live on charity, and am waiting for the distribution of the soup at the convent of the Franciscans." "Then you have not been there yet," said the Castillian. "No," replied the Frenchman, "I am now going, it is just time." "I beg you will conduct me there," said the Don, "and you will then see Don Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redia de Montava de Veza, &c. give to posterity an example of his *humility*." "And who are these people?" asked the Frenchman. "It is me," replied the Spaniard. "If so," answered the Frenchman, "you had better said, an example of a *good appetite*."

The Versenary of General Quebec.

"Why then" [it is the account of a poor old woman] "why then," your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round like Christmas, only once a year, and then old

Nick, (a disabled soldier,) appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and fierce cocked hat on his head, and a uniform sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who come there to keep the versionary along with him—and so drink the health of all the old commanders: and they begin to describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then they desire blind George to sing the *British Grenadiers*, and then they all join in the *chorus*; and they are all drunk as lords, and then I always help Margery, (the Chelsea pensioner's wife,) to carry Nick home: and then—and then—This is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour."

Balthazer Gratian.

From among some singularly happy thoughts of Balthazar Grätian, -author of the *Courtier*, we select the following: he describes his hero as travelling in search of a *true friend*. Among the most curious that attracted his attention, these are distinguished. A poor judge, with his wife, neither of whom had any fingers on their hands; a great lord, without any debts; a prince, who was never offended at the truth being told him to his face; a poet, who became rich by the produce of his works; a monarch, who died without any suspicion of having been poisoned; a humble Spaniard; a silent Frenchman; a lively Englishman; a German, who disliked wine; a learned man, recompensed;

pensed ; a chaste widow ; a madman discontented ; a sincere female ; and, what was more extraordinary than all these singularities, he meets a *true friend*.

Pun.

Les Rolx sont aussi sujets que les autre aux foiblesses de la nature & de l'humanité. Louis XVI, au milieu d'un cercle de courtisans laissa échapper un signe d'affections Venteuses. " Bonne marque," s'écrie le Marquis de Bievre, " Voila des bruits de *paix* (*pét*) qui courent à Versailles.— " Vraiment," reprend un autre seigneur, " ils n'ont pas lieu sans fondement."

The first Man in the World.

" Now, my lord, be pleased to inform me who was the first man in the world?" A learned schoolmaster was addressing that question to one of his pupils, on a Sunday, a day in which he gave the boys general instructions on the bible.

" Adam," replied the youth with quickness.

" Very well answered, indeed, my lord:" said the master; " Adam certainly was the very first man in the whole world;—and what puts this beyond all controversy is, that he was created before any other man, woman, or child; therefore none but an atheist can deny that Adam was the *first man* in the world."

The Responses.

The Marquis de Villena ordered a suit of brocade for Perico de Ayala, his buffoon.— The chamberlain, from avarice, sent him only the sleeves and the skirts. The buffoon going to the

chaplain, told him to come immediately, and inter a defunct of the marquis's palace. The chaplain coming hastily, with a crucifix and bell, and repeating the responses in an antichamber, the marquis sent to know what was the matter? "Tell his lordship," said Perico, "that we are come for *the body*, for the chamberlain only gave me the sleeves and skirts."

Charles the Vth.

The Emperor Charles Vth, having one day lost himself in the heat of a chase, and wandered in the forest, far from his train; after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge-public-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men, pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamed that he took his hat; and accordingly took it off. The second saying he had dreamed he had taken his coat, took that. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness, said, he hoped there could be no objection to his feeling his pockets, and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it, I will teach you." So putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and entering the cottage, were surprized to see him in such a garb. "Here are fellows," said the emperor, "who have dreamed
what

what they please—I must also *dream* in my turn”
 Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while,
 he then started up, saying, “*I have dreamed that
 I saw four thieves hanged:*” and immediately or-
 dered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the
 inn being compelled to be the executioner

A pious Exclamation!

A priest, whose house and garden were near the
 church, seeing, as he was elevating the host, a
 thief ascending one of his fruit trees, cried out,
 to the great astonishment of the congregation,
 “*O! the devil go up with thee!*”

One being asked, what made him bald, said,
 “*My hair.*”

Epigram.

Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,
 But prithee where lies Jack's estate?
 In *Algebra*, for there I found of late
 A quantity call'd *less than nothing*.

The Earl of Chatham.

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-
 will to a certain physician, was rallying him one
 day upon the inefficacy of his prescriptions. To
 which the doctor replied, he defied any of his
 patients to find fault with him. “*I believe you,*”
 replied the witty earl, “*for they are all dead.*”

Mr. Gray, the Poet.

A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured re-
 marks, and sarcastical expressions, and who had
 an offensive breath, was very desirous of being in-
 troduced

introduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray; who, knowing his character, was equally solicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at some public assembly, and the gentleman embraced the occasion of accosting Mr. Gray: "Sir, it is a very cold day!" "It is so," replied Mr. Gray. "Upon my word," rejoined the other, "I rode out this morning, and the north wind was so keen that it cut me in such a manner that it was quite intolerable." "Sir," replied the poet, "from what I have heard of you, I should suppose that the *wind* had the *worst* of it."

The Duke of Newcastle.

The late Duke of Newcastle, applying to an old fellow for a vote at an election in the country, "I will give it you," said the man, "if your grace will give my son a place in the Excise." "That I will," replied the duke, with his accustomed good humour, "that I assuredly will; hand me a pen and ink, and you shall see the letter I will write, and put it in the post-office yourself." He wrote to his agents in London, desiring the young man might immediately have the place which was requested; adding, that he was highly worthy of the situation, and the son of his friend. When the old man read the letter, he thanked his grace for his good opinion, but begged him to make one little alteration in the signature; "which," says he, "I happen to know must be in *red* ink, or no attention will be paid to it; for your grace has ordered all letters that have not that colour at the corner to be thrown aside." "O ho! have I so?" said the duke, "and pray how came you to be in the secret?—give me the red ink, however; I suppose

I suppose if there was none, you would be satisfied if I signed it with my *own blood*, and that would give my biographers an opportunity of saying, that I had once *bled* for my country."

Epigram

Thy lap-dog, Ruffa, is a dainty beast.
It don't surprise me in the least
To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee—
Yes—that surprizes me.

Curious Criticism.

"With a good army and full coffers, where is the treaty you cannot explain to *your* advantage, when *you* have to do with an inferior power."—" *You.*" "*Your.*" The absurdity of thus addressing the reader is sufficiently obvious. It is, moreover, much too ordinary and familiar a language. It reminds us of that of Mr. Glasse, of culinary memory—"When *you* have made *your* water boil, then put *your* pudding in *your* pot."

Epigram.

Doris can find no taste in tea,
Green to her drinks like Bohea;
Because she makes the tea so *small*
She never tastes the *tea* at all,

Another.

"What? rise again with *all* one's bones?
Quoth Giles, "I hope you fib?
I trusted when I went to heaven
To go without my *rib*."

An

An elegant Card.

"Lady Bab M—— presents her compliments to Mrs. A—— is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatism—but is extremely glad that the signora is to be there, because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present; for, as his grace the Duke of Illyria says, "If music be the food of love, play on."

Giles Jolt.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pill'ners stole his team away:
Giles wakes and cries—"What here? odsdikin!
what!

Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins, I've found a cart!"

The Worm Doctor.

Vagus advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art:
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man, (as Job told us,) is a worm.

An evening Prayer used by a Miser.

O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses
in the city of London, and likewise that I have
lately purchased an estate in Fee-simple, in the
county of Essex; therefore I beseech thee to pre-
serve the two counties of Essex and Middlesex
from fire and earthquakes. And as I have a mort-
gage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise, to
have

have an eye of compassion on that county. And for all the rest of the counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased.

Oh! enable the Bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, which I have insured.

And as thou hast said, that the days of the wicked shall be but short, I trust in thee, that thou wilt not forget thy promise, having purchased an estate in reversion of J. C. a profligate young man.

I also pray thee to keep our funds from sinking; and, if it be thy will, let there be no sinking funds. And keep my son Caleb out of evil company, and gaming-houses; and sanctify this night to me, by preserving me from thieves and fire, and make my servants honest and careful, whilst I, thy servant, lie down in peace. So be it. *Amen.*

Lord St. John.

Lord St. John being sometime ago in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service; but being asked what countryman he was, he answered, "an Englishman." "Where was you born?" said his lordship. "In Ireland, and please your lordship," said the man. "How then can you be an Englishman?" said his lordship. "My lord," replied the man, "supposing I was born in a *stable*, that is no reason I should be called a *horse*."

Money to live here.

An Irish gentleman having come over to London to make his fortune, soon found himself much distressed for a dinner. Happening to pass by a barber's

barber's shop, he saw announced on the window, *Money for live hair*, which, being no profound scholar, he read, *Money to live here*. "Aha!" says Paddy, "this is just what I was looking for; I am now satisfied that the character of the English for generosity is well founded." "Please to walk in, Sir," Says Mr. Shave-for-a-penny;—"sit down, Sir." A dirty towel is then put over him, and a brass barber's bason, full of warm lather, stuck in under his chin. "This is an odd sort of entertainment," thinks Paddy; "but a given horse must not be looked in the mouth." Strap steps out for his razors, and in the mean time, Paddy, being extremely hungry, falls to gobbling up the contents of the bason. Strap returning stares with astonishment, while poor Paddy, after almost vomiting up his guts, exclaims, "By Jasus, you had need to give a man *money to live here*, for your soup is like piss, and your turnips are not half boiled!"

Epitaph.

Good master Le Brock, ever fond of good wine,
Of pure *water* would calmly ne'er hear;
"Drop the subject," he cry'd, "if you friends are
of mine,
Nor e'er water my grave with a tear!"

Another.

His function's ended, Brock lies breathless here;
When living, water was his constant fear;
Your tears then, reader, to yourself pray keep,
He'd be offended with you, should you weep.

Paddy's

Paddy's Description of a Garret.

Two Irish soldiers being quartered in a borough in the West of England, got into a conversation respecting their quarters. "How," said the one, "are you quartered?" "Pretty well." "What part of the house do you sleep in?" "Up stairs." "In the garret, perhaps?" "The garret! no, Dennis O'Brien would never sleep in a garret." "Where then?" "Why, I know not what you call it; but if the house was turned topsy-turvy I should be in the *cellar*."

Budget.

A nasty *tinkerly* word which we wish to banish from the polite and political circle.

*Monthly Review.**Farinelli, or the Musical Taylor.*

This singer having ordered a superb suit of clothes, for a gala at court, when the taylor brought it home, he asked him for his bill. "I have made no bill, Sir," said the taylor, "nor shall ever make one. Instead of money," continues he, "I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require, will be a *song*." Farinelli tried in vain to make the taylor take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the trembling tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music-room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant

brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer, and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the taylor, overcome with ecstasy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli, "I am a little proud, and it is, perhaps, from that circumstance that I have acquired some degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to *your* weakness; it is but fair that in your turn you should indulge me in *mine*." And taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

True Benevolence.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
 (Near Bedlam's confines groping,)
 "Whene'er I hear the cry of woe,
 My hand is always open."

"I own" says Joe, "that to the poor,
 You prove it ev'ry minute,
 Your hand is open, to be sure;
 But then there's *nothing* in it."

Epigram.

Honest Teague, when return'd from a trip to the
 north,
 For to Lapland 'twas said he had been;
 Was question'd, if during his cold wint'ry birth,
 Whether any rein deer he had seen?
 "When," said he, "by my sowle as the truth I
 regard,
 I was station'd there almost a year;
 Sometimes, in the summer, it rain'd very hard;
 But I never once saw it *rain deer*!"

The following curious Epitaph is in Hadleigh Church-yard, Suffolk.

The charnel mounted on the w	} all
Sets to be seen in funer	
A matron plain domestic	
In care and pain continu	
Not slow, not gay, not prodig	
Yet neighbourly and hospit	
Her children seven, yet living	
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c	
To rest her body natur	}
In hopes to rise spiritu	

Ellen, the Wife of Robert Reson,
late Alderman of this Town,
Ob. Jan. 20, 1630.

Drill.

A military officer, of diminutive stature, was lately drilling an Irishman considerably above six feet high—"Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the head of his cane, to an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. "Hold up your head so, and throw your eye somewhat to the right, thus." "And must I always do so, noble captain?" asked the recruit, with much apparent simplicity. "Yes, always;" answered the officer. "Then fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "I shall never see *you more*."

The Hostess.

After the departure of a young lady from a country inn, the hostess of it was thus praising her:

D

"Well,

“ Well, I have had the honour to accomodate many ladies of the first fashion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome; but such a miracle as Miss M—— I never yet did see. Lord let me thrive, but I think she is something more than a human creature.—Oh, had your honour but set your eyes on her you would have said it was a vision from heaven, a cherubim of beauty:—for my part I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream: then so meek, so mild, so good-natured and generous! I say blessed is the young women who tends upon such heavenly creatures. And poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked for all the world like *orient pearls*.”

The following Lines were spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to the Clerk of a country Church, after having heard him sing Psalms.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear *thee* sing, and them translate,
By G—d 't had made him mad!

Epigram.

Cry'd Madge to John, “ It is a sin
To drink while I spin tweeling;”
Says he, “ My dear, tho' I can't spin,
I always come home *reeling*.”

The Dog and Duck Spa.

A French physician, writing for the edification of his own countrymen, observed, that the Dog and Duck Spa was a place the waters of which were a sovereign remedy for all sorts of disorders. The salubrious effect of the waters was produced by boiling a dog and a duck together; but whether the dog or the duck was put in first; whether the dog was first skinned, and the duck plucked, he knew not; he had heard the operation of the waters was stronger, if the dog and the duck were both put in alive, the former with his hair, and the latter with her feathers on. He hoped, however, to ascertain the fact accurately before he left England.

Nose Fishing.

A short time since, several gentlemen, being on a visit to a friend in Essex, one of them wishing to take a little diversion in fly fishing, procured a guide to point out a part of the river where he might expect to find some sport. The man conducted the gentleman to the spot where there were good fish. The rod and the line of course were prepared; but when about to cast the fly, the gentleman found the hook, (which he thought had caught the bushes,) and was giving the second pull to extricate it, when the man, who stood behind, bawled aloud—"The hook has caught my nose!" The gentleman perceiving this, endeavoured all in his power to relieve him, but without effect, and the poor fellow was under the necessity of walking five miles with the hook in his nose to a surgeon,

where the hook and his nose were separated, to the great joy of the much alarmed sufferer !

The Spirit of the Public Journals.

The sun each morn displays its ray,
 Apollo *shine* upon my rhymes,
 By visits from the *nine* each day,
 That I may shine too in the pa—
 * —per, every morning call'd the *Times*,
 —per every morning call'd the *Times*.

One afternoon I lost my way,
 I speak it not ironical ;
 Late at night, I found next day,
 That I was *missing* in the pa—
 —per Call'd the Morning Chronicle,
 —per call'd the Morning Chronicle.

This wager with my friend I'll lay
 My gig against *his* curricie,
 Which most miles run within the day,
 It was inserted in the pa—
 —per call'd the Daily Oracle,
 —per call'd the Daily Oracle.

All around us look like May,
 Sec the ditcher, see the hedger ;
 Healthly goes to labour da—
 —ily, you may read it in the pa—
 —per that is call'd the Public Ledger,
 —per that is call'd the Public Ledger.

* While the chorus is singing, you should beat time with a chimney-sweeper's brush and shovel.

I had

I had a friend, whose name was Gray,
 He had a friend whose name was Gerald,
 And both of them lov'd Mrs. Dra—
 —per; you may read it in the pa—
 —per that is call'd the Morning Herald,
 —per that is call'd the Morning Herald.

Then let's be merry ev'ry day,
 And as we live each day grow wiser;
 This *was* and *still* should be the way,
 And what you will find in the pa—
 —per call'd the Morning Adversiser,
 —per call'd the Morning Advertiser.

Mincer's Hall.

The bricklayer's labourers once applied to the Lord mayor, desiring to be formed into a *company*, have a *hall*, and be allowed to take *apprentices*: upon wishing to hear what they earned per week, he received for answer twenty-four shillings: "How do you make that out?" "Why my lord, twelve shillings for wages, and twelve shillings for whips and strays;" "Very well," replied his lordship, "but pray what do you mean by *whips* and *strays*, as I do not rightly comprehend those terms?" "My lord, when we are at work in a new house, there are such things as locks, bolts, hinges, sash-weights, &c. those we call whips; in an old house, there are table and tea-spoons, knives, forks, napkins, &c. &c. these, my lord, we call *strays*." "Very good, gentlemen," returned his lordship, "you certainly deserve a *hall*, and shall have one;" he then sent them to Newgate.

Fairy Fields.

Passing through Smithfield, one night, about eleven o'clock, I heard a voice, which seemed to
 D 3 proceed

proceed from the sheep-pens, calling out, "Where the devil have I got to now?" Upon stopping to listen further, I found by the sound it was an old friend of mine, whom I knew had spent the evening at a tavern in the city, and, being rather elevated, had mistook his way, by getting into Smithfield, when coming to the sheep pens, and taking them for stiles, supposed he had got into the fields, and crossing one of them, in a step or two he came to another, and so crossed several; upon which I heard him say, "Damn it, what *little fields* these are!" when I informed him where he was, and extricated him from his *fairy fields*.

Epigram.

Mutatio mutandis.

A barber in a borough town, it seems,
Had voted for Sir John against Sir James,
Sir James, in angry mood, took Suds aside;
"Don't you remember shaving me?" he cry'd
"Five pieces for five minutes' work I gave;
And does not one good turn another crave?"
"Yes," quoth the barber, and his fingers smack'd,
"I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact;
Sir John, on the same score, paid the same price,
But took *two* shavings—and of course *paid twice*."

Kein Long.

The last emperor of China was one of the greatest monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the rigour and strictness of his justice; but he was warm in the pursuits of pleasure, and impatient of all interruption, when his mind was intent upon it. The Vice-roy of one
of

of the provinces of that vast empire, that lay most remote from the imperial city, had wrongly confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to the extremest misery. The poor man found means to travel as far as the emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the vice-roy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the vice-roy put the merchant in prison; but he had the good fortune to escape, and went once more to the capital, where he cast himself at the emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved, and the reason he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The emperor, who had been stopped by his complaint, as he was going with much haste to dine in the apartments of a favourite lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion, " I can do no more than send my commands; if he refuses to obey them, put thy foot on his neck." — " I implore your majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, holding fast the emperor's robe, " his power is too mighty for my weakness, and your justice prescribes a remedy which your wisdom has never examined." The emperor had by this time recollected himself; and raising the merchant from the ground, said, " You are in the right; to complain of him was *your* part, but it is *mine* to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding, with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands,

and

and leave you vice-roy in his stead—for since you have taught me *how to govern*, you must be able to *govern for me*.”

Silence.

“ Silence! keep silence in the court!” said, one day, an angry judge, “ why will you not keep silence? Here we have judged a dozen causes this morning, and have not *heard* a word of one of them.”

*A Letter on the Death of Tom. Ash,
a notorious Punster.*

By Dean Swift.

Sir,

Tom Ash died last night. It is conceived he was so puffed up with my lord lieutenant's *favours*, that it struck him into a *fever*. I here send you his dying speech, as it was exactly taken by a friend, in short-hand. It is somewhat long, and a little incoherent; but he was many hours in delivering it, and with several intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he spoke to them thus:

“ My friends, it is time for a man to look *grave*, when he has one foot there, I once had only a *punic* fear of death, but of late I have *pundered* it more seriously. Every fit of coughing hath put me in mind of my coffin, though *dissolute* men seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a terrible alteration: I that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be supported with *small bier*. A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, This man is to be a great traveller; he will soon be at the *Diet of Worms*, and go thence to *Rotisbone*—but now I understand his double meaning. I desire

sire

sire to be privately buried; for I think a public *funeral* looks like *Bury* fair; and the *rites* of the dead often prove *wrong* to the living: methinks the word itself best expresses the number, neither *few* nor *all*. A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but *ob se quies*. Little did I think you would so soon see poor *Tom stown* under a *tombstone*. But as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, so a man of my small *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away. Sometimes I have *raved* that I should *revive*; but physicians tell us, that when the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we shall find the *cor di all*, in spite of the highest *cordial*. Brother, you are fond of *Daffy's Elixir*; but, when Death comes, the world will see that, in spite of *Daffy*, *DOWN Dilly*, (*a nick name of Ash's*,) whatever doctors *may design* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropsy*, drops he not in spite of *Goddard's drops*, though none are reckoned such *high drops*.

"I find Death smells the blood of an English man: a *fee*, faintly *fumbled* out, will be a weak defence against his *fee fa fum*. *P T* are no letters in Death's *alphabet*; he has not *half a bit* of either: he moves his *scythe*, but will not be moved by our *sighs*. Every thing ought to put us in mind of death: physicians affirm that our food breeds it in us: so that, in our *dicting*, we may be said to *die eating*. There is something ominous, not only in the names of diseases, as *diarrhæa*, *diabetes*, *dysentery*, but even in the drugs designed to preserve our lives, as *diacodion*, *diapente*, *diascordium*. I perceive Dr. *Howard* (and I feel *how hard*) lay thumb on my *pulse*, then *puls* it back, as if he saw *lethum* in my face. I see as bad in his; for sure there is no *physick* like a *sick phiz*. He thinks I shall

shall *decease* before the *day cease*; but, before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and Tom Tollman (*vide Bp. of Clogher*) is *TOLD* that little Tom, though not *old*, hath paid nature's *toll*, I do desire to give advice to those that survive me.

“ First, let gamesters consider, that death is *hazard* and *passage* upon the turn of a *die*: let lawyers consider, it is a *hard case*: and let punners consider, how hard it is to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*,

“ As for my lord lieutenant, the earl of *Mungomery*, I am sure he *be-Wales* my misfortune; and it would move him, to stand by when the carpenter (while all my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter*) *nails up* my coffin. I will make a short *affidavid*, that if he makes my *epitaph* I will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful subject. His excellency may say, that the art of punning is dead with Tom. Tom has taken all *puns* away; *omne tulit pun Tom*. May his excellency long *live tenant* to the queen in Ireland! We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure *Mun go merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy.

“ I hear my friends design to publish a collection of my puns: now I do confess I have let many a *pun go* which did never *pungo*; therefore the world must read the bad as well as the good: Virgil has long foretold it, *Punica mala lēges*.

“ I have had several forebodings that I should soon die. I have of late been often at committee, where I sat over *die in diem*. I conversed much with the *usher* of the *black rod*: I saw his *medals*; and woe is *me dull* soul! not to consider they are but dead men's faces *stamped over and over* by the living, which will shortly be my condition.

“ Tell

" Tell Sir Andrew *Fountaine* I ran clear to the bottom, and wish he may be a lake or river where I am going. He used to *brook* my compliments. May his *sand* be long a *running*, not *quick sand*, like mine. Bid him to avoid poring upon monuments and books, which is in reality but running among *rocks* and *shelves* to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be troubled with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *stopped* by any *grinding stone*. May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid as flat as *flounders*. I look upon him as the most *fluent* of his *race*, therefore let him not *despond*. I foresee his black rod will *advance* to a *pike*, and destroy all our *ills*.

" But I am going: my *wind in lungs* is turning to a *winding sheet*: the thoughts of a *pall* begin to *apall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *vapour* la moindre cause.—I have lived ad amicorum *fastidium*, and now behold how *fast I di—um*."

Here his breath failed him, and he expired.

Original English Epigram.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo, ac pede verum est.

HOR.

" You gain, ev'ry day, by your wits,
A fortune, friend Edward," cry'd Tom;

" Pray teach me to make the same hits,
I'll give you a handsome round sum."

" I'll teach you for nothing," said Ned,
Since the secret you wish to obtain;

'Tis only to change your own head,
For one made and furnish'd like mine."

Duchess of Northumberland.

When the amiable the Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the Continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of—"Expences for the night, fourteen louis d'ors." In vain did she remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the duchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congeés, and expressing many thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her grace's company on her return. "Why, I don't know but I may," said the duchess, with her usual good humour; "but it must be upon one condition—That you do not mistake me for your sign."

The Sixteen Pound Prize.

Flush'd with success, poor Paddy flies
Exulting to receive his prize;
But heavens! how he stares,
When half-a-crown the *sixteenth* brought,
Below the price at which he bought
These same unlucky shares.
Chagrin'd at this unlook'd-for case,
The youth, with pious-looking face,
Thank'd heaven the prize was small.
"Since this I lose, by *bare sixteen*,
Ten thousand had my ruin been,
And flounc'd me out of all."

Epigram.

" I'll hold a crown," quoth Dick to Ned,
 " You often wrong'd your neighbour's bed ;"
 " And I," quoth Ned, " will hold my life,
 You always had a *tell-tale* wife."

Spartan Promise.

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being much oppressed
 by an importunate suitor, who often repeated to
 him, " You have promised;" made answer,
 " True, if what you ask be just, I have promised:
 if not, I have only said, not promised."

Riddle.

More fickle than the wind that blows,
 More fragrant than the damask rose:
 What strikes with dread the honest tar ?
 What Nelson fears amidst the war ?
 What's colder than the frigid zone ?
 What ladies you may call your own ?
 What's sweeter than a mutual kiss,
 Will instantly unriddle this.

Answer—NOTHING.

Epitaph in a Church-yard in Cornwall.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
 Who dy'd in the year of one thousand and one ;
 Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
 You may, if you please, or let it alone ;
 For it's all one
 To Gabriel John,
 Who dy'd in the year of one thousand and one.

A Description of the Devil's Person.

In the reign of Louis XIV. several ladies of rank were accused of magic. Of these, a duchess was examined by a magistrate, most *hideously ugly*. She confessed that she had conversed with the devil. "Under what semblance was he?" said the magistrate, gravely. "In his own person, and he resembled *you* as much as one drop of water does another."

Diogenes's Method of settling a Dispute.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer in these terms:—"Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow."

Necessity the Mother of Invention

Put a Gascon into the most difficult adventure, and he will find an issue. A cadet of that country, a subaltern officer, left the army to return home. The purse of this gentleman was very light, and was exhausted when he was fifty leagues from his residence. How shall he act? He arrived, in the evening, at a capital inn. By his manners and effrontery his purse was believed to be well garnished. "Come," said he to the landlord, "good cheer, and a good fire!" He was served to his wish. After supper he was shewed to an excellent bed. Having digested his supper and his stratagem, he arose in the middle of the night; and, by a trap door he had looked for and seen by day, he ascended the roof of the house, and hiding his breeches in an unsearchable corner, he returned to bed. On the morning he ordered the servant-girl

to

to make a brisk fire, for it was very cold. Mean time he searched for his breeches. "My body," said he, "do I dream? Where are my breeches?" In fine, all the family were summoned; the whole house was searched, but still no breeches. At the time, the Gascon amused himself with exclamations: "Has the devil taken my breeches? This is the most amazing thing I ever met with!" The landlord enters; a new search is begun; the house is turned topsy-turvy; but still no breeches. After a thorough search, the Gascon said to the landlord—"You know that I did not come here without breeches. What I regret most is the loss of twenty pistoles in them. Summon your servants put them to the question." At last the Gascon exclaimed—"What is to be done? I do not wish to bring you before a court of justice, though I should certainly be believed on my word. As I am no Norman, I do not love to plead. If we came to law, it would cost you very dear; but I have compassion on you, and am willing even to lose. Give me ten or twelve pistoles, and a new pair of breeches, and I am gone." The landlord, glad to be so off, gave him a new pair of breeches of his own, with the ten pistoles; and they parted very well pleased with each other.

Epigram.

A vicar in a certain vale,
His farmers thus address;
"As much, my friends, as you love ale,
So much do I love rest:
"One humming cag behind the stairs,
This cellar key secures;
'Bate me but half to-morrow's prayers,
And half that cag is yours."

Doctrine so feelingly propos'd,
His eager audience snapt;
The morrow came, the church stood clos'd,
The humming cag was tapt.

Bumper by bumper, jug by jug,
A gradual vacuum made,
Till hollow round the midway plug
Alarming echoes play'd.

" Doctor !" exclaim'd a child of fun,
" O heed what we implore !
And since so far so well you've done,
E'en do a little more !

" Snug as we are, thus hand to fist,
What pity 'twere to wag !
Rest the whole day, if so you list,
And give us—all the cag !"

On Disrespect of Magistrates.

A gentleman, in the presence of his Majesty, spoke very disrespectfully of the characters and offices of magistrates; at the same time expatiated very amply on the merit of military men, to the disadvantage of the former. " Blockhead," replied the King, " hold your peace. If all governors behaved as they should do, the world would have no occasion for men of the sword."

Old Gregory.

" I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

" I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds!" said old Gregory, as he attained the summit

summit of a hill which commanded a full prospect of his estate ; “ and here,” said he, “ I’ll plant an orchard ; and on that spot I’ll have a pinery.”

“ Yon farm-houses shall come down,” said old Gregory, “ they interrupt my view.”

“ Then what will become of the farmers ?” asked the steward, who attended him.

“ That’s their business,” answered old Gregory.

“ And that mill must not stand upon the stream,” said old Gregory.

“ Then how will the villagers grind their corn ?” asked the steward.

“ That’s not my business,” answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber, from which he never awoke. The farmers reside on their lands—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice in his death.

Dr. Warren.

Dr. Warren expired, saying, “ there was no use in physic ;” as Brutus died exclaiming—“ Virtue was no more than a name.” But though there may be no use in taking physic, there is a great deal in giving it. The Doctor has left, it is said, *one hundred and fifty thousand* proofs of its utility.

The Unequal Combatants.

Mrs. Forty, who once kept at Chelt’nham the spa,

And, ’tis like enough, now does the same:

One night, when at cards, her antagonist saw

That, by far, she’d the best of the game:

When a bye-stander asking him how stood the rub,
 He reply'd, in a pertinent pun—
 “ Twice twenty poor devils like me she can drub,
 For the odds are just *forty* to one.

The King of the Bulls.

I will give you what I call the king of the bulls.
 An Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman,
 who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who
 requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently—
 “ I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous
 trick in my infancy.” The old woman, in amazement,
 asked him what injury she had done him ? He answered—
 “ I was a *fine* boy, and you *changed* me.”

In this bull even personal identity is confounded

Pour l'Amour de Dieu.

A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop,
 in Paris, and requested to be shaved, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,
 (i. e.) “ for the love of God.” The barber not being
 one of those who love to sacrifice two-pence to an act of
 piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt razor, and water
 scarcely warm. Under these circumstances, it was impossible
 the operation could be well performed. The barber scratched
 and cut the poor victim of his avarice, who sat with tears
 in his eyes, longing to be set at liberty. In the mean time,
 a cat and a monkey making a noise together, at the other
 side of the room, the barber called to know what was the
 matter.—“ Oh !” replied the monk, “ it is only the monkey
 shaving the cat for the love of God.”

Parting

Parting Advice.

A well-meaning country lass, who was going to town to service, received, as the parting advice of a fond father, (who had heard her place had been procured in the family of a duke,) an admonition, always, when answering, to say, "grace," instead of "sir." This injunction she kept so sacred, that a journey of near two hundred miles had no influence towards eradicating it from her memory. Introduced into the family, some few days passed without having seen the duke; when, one morning she happened to meet him in a passage from the staircase, so narrow that he could not but observe her; and seeing her rather pretty, jocosely said, "So, how do you like your place?" "Very well," she replied; "for what we have received the Lord make us truly thankful." He smiled, as may naturally be supposed; but, being remarkably good-natured, asked her which she preferred, town or country;—she, true, as she thought, to her father's advice, said, very modestly, "God's holy name be blessed and praised for this present refreshment, and for all his mercies from time to time, &c."

Epigram, by P. Pindar.

If blisters to his head apply'd,
Some little sense bestow;
What pity 'tis they were not try'd
Some twenty years ago!

Poetry no Use.

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once, before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a wig
than

than to make a poem; adding, "What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?" "This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of poetry; that having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

Ugly Foot.

A gentleman who was lame, by both his feet being turned inwards, to conceal this deformity used to wear a long gown. Being once in company, by chance he disclosed one of his feet: and observing a lady who saw it winking to the rest of the company, that they might take notice of it—"Ladies," exclaimed the philosopher, "you have great reason to laugh at this stump of a foot of mine: but I will lay you a wager that there is a much more deformed foot than this in the present company." A murmur arose on this speech through the whole circle; each man and woman looked at one another's feet. "It is concealed:" said the gentleman, "but, to prove my assertion true, I will make the discovery." On saying which, he drew his gown aside, and displayed his other foot, which was still a more hideous object than that which they had seen, after having abashed the lady for her imprudence.

Alfred the Great.

When the illustrious Alfred, king of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method
of

of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of the royal guest, and seeing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him that he was always ready enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful in future.

The Unfortunate Clown.

A clown in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage, broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed: "D—n the hogs, I zae, that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shou'nt have had this trouble with thee!"

On the Attributes of God.

Christopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces, composed, in one of his solitary walks, a few of the prettiest lines I have for some time met with. They are not among his works. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleasure.

A raven

" A raven once an acorn took
 From Basan's tallest, stoutest tree,
 He hid it near a limpid brook,
 And liv'd—another oak to see.
 " Thus melancholy buries hope,
 Which fear still keeps alive;
 And bids us with misfortunes cope,
 And all calamity survive."

Generosity.

Admiral D—— being one day at prayers in the church of ———, a beggar came and implored alms of him, at the time that he was fervent at his prayers. The admiral putting his hand into his pocket, gave him a great number of pieces of gold, without counting them, or thinking on what he was doing. So considerable a sum dazzled the eyes, and surprised the poor man greatly; but he was perfectly honest, as will appear from his conduct. He waited for the admiral at the church door, and as he was going out—" Sir," said he, (shewing him what he had received,) " I do not know whether you intend to bestow so great a sum upon me; and if you did not, I will not take it." This behaviour surprized the admiral, who, gazing at the poor man with admiration, " I did not design," said he, " to give you all the money you shew me; however, since you are so generoas as to restore it, I will be no less so, and therefore shall leave it with you."

The Counsellor.

Criminals are frequently allowed counsel to defend them. A thief was one day caught in the great chamber, (a court of justice in Paris) cutting a purse,

a purse. The court allowed the knave a counsellor to defend him. The counsellor went upon to him, and taking him aside, "Is it true," said he, "that you cut the purse of somebody now in court?" "It is very true, Sir," replied the thief, "but—" "hold your tongue," said the lawyer, "the best counsel I can give you is, to scamper away as fast as possible." The thief took the hint, and ran down the stair-case. The counsellor returning afterwards into court, the first president asked, what he had to say in defence of the thief? "Gentlemen," replied he, "the poor wretch confessed his crime to me; and he was not guarded by any one, and as I was appointed his counsel, I thought fit to advise him to run away. He did not hesitate, but vanished in an instant."

Le Confesseur.

Un confesseur demandant par curiosité en confession à une de ses penitentes, comment elle s'appeloit; Elle lui répondit, avec autant d'esprit que de modestie, en ces termes: Mon pere, mon nom n'est pas un péché."

Parboiled-Coals.

The Leed and Liverpool canal company lately employed a common councilman of the city of London as their agent to sell their *PARBOLD* Coals. The *learned* citizen had, in consequence, notified over his door, "Real *Parboiled* Coals sold here."

More Irons in the Fire.

Mrs. B——, desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion on a new work of her's; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had

had other irons in the fire, and, in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else; upon which the doctor, having turned over the work, said—"Then, madam, I would advise you to put this where your *irons* are."

King Lud.

One of the new batch of peers lately applied at the Herald's Office, to have that badge of honour, arms, painted for his coach. Being asked what kind of arms, the answer was, "Something new and smart." But not knowing from what family he sprung, and of course unable to point out any great thing being done by his ancestors, the herald was at a loss how to accommodate him, until he recollected one memorable event of his father, which was, that when a prisoner in *old Ludgate*, he made his escape by means of a rope from a window. The herald to this said—"Did he? Then, Sir, you are of a very ancient family. You are descended in a direct line from *King Lud*!"

Hieroglyphic.

A farmer of the gabelle on salt had built a villa like a palace. Displaying it to his friends, it was observed, that a statue was wanting for a large niche in the vestibule. "I mean to put there," said the farmer, "some allegorical statue relating to my business,"—"You may then put Lot's wife, who was changed to a statue of salt," answered one of his friends.

Elegant Compliment.

A French officer being just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the Empress hearing that he had
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Elegant Compliment.

A French officer being just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the Empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered, with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought so yesterday."

Angel's Face.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when *her* lips *once* touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And, therefore—drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain
He got a DEVIL pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

John star'd with wonder petrify'd,
 His hair stood on his pate;
 And, "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
 "At this enormous rate?"——

"John," she said, "am I to blame?
 I can't in conscience stop;
 For then 'twould be a burning shame
 To leave the DEVIL—a drop."

Appendix to the Life of Jack the Giant-Killer.

When that distinguished duelist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king: prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in all of them. "Then I think," says the king with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER."

How do you do?

At the assize of Gaernarvon, where Judge Barrington presided, a simple Welchman was tried for some petty offence. The judge, in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied in his shire manner, "My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!" "Eh," says the judge, not hearing him distinctly, "How do you, my friend?"—"Pretty well, I thank your lordship, I hope you are well," replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted a quarter of an hour.

hour. His lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.

Chatterton the Poet.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare.—The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "You are in tears Mr. Chatterton." "Yes, Sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of your's compels me to shed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration!"

The White Mice.

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that œconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances), was the late unfortunate John Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one

morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined; for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and, after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would pay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death bed, which the doctor very generously sent him.

Comedy.

Mr. R——s, a dramatic author, on presenting a comedy to one of the theatres, assured the manager, that it was a production by no means to be laughed at.

A Hog

A Hog the only Gentleman.

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c—"Every thing, *massa*, *work* in this country, *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath] *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *hog*! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the *hog* be the only *gentleman* in England."

Remarkable Bravery.

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers to go in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? He said, That he had *cut off one of the enemy's legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh, said he, you must know *his head was cut off before*.

Epigram.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaist'ring deary's head;
Who sigh'd but dare not shake it!—
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it

A Detection.

A clever young fellow being at dinner at a friend's house, and observing one of the company

silily pocket a table spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the sideboard, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket: and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole."

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed that the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, so was asking if the fish could give any information concerning his body, to which it replied, it knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these *three weeks*."

A Pillory Conversation.

An English and a French gentleman had a dispute which nation most excelled in wit. The English gentleman insisted that it was common here among the very mob; and to convince the other of the English superiority, he carried him to Charing-cross, where a man stood in the pillory for keeping a disorderly house. The populace looking on it as an inconsiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill-treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillory, sometimes higher, and then let it lower again, just to suit himself.

Upon

Upon which, one of the spectators, who stood there with a load upon his head, seeing the offender so dexterous, said, "It is my opinion this fellow has served his time to the pillory, he is so handy about it." To which a droll rogue in a leather apron replied, "Served his time to it! You may be sure he has; do you not see that he has set up for himself?" "Set up!" said another, "how can that be set up, when he stands?" "Why you foolish dog," rejoined the second who spoke, "do you not know it is a standing business?" And now a fellow in a woollen cap calls out to the man in the pillory, "Harkee, cocky," said he, "had you not rather the jokes should fly about than the rotten eggs?" "Aye, sure, master," replies the man, "though it was on account of some sort of jokes I got my head into this hole." At this time a barrow woman added one more to the assembly; when a porter accosts her with, "Well, Moll, what brought you here?" To which she returned, "Curiosity, and my legs, Jack; now I hope the fool's answered." "Fool!" says the fellow, "what do you mean by that, you slut?" "Why," rejoined she, "you must be a fool because you can neither read nor write." "Very true," answered the porter, "but I can set my mark;" and immediately striking her in the face, gave her a black eye: this brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when the Frenchman, seeing the English fight like bull-dogs, said, "The English shine in *war* as well as *wit*."

A Pot I carry.

There was a notable fat apothecary revelling at a tavern in Fleet-street; and, when his comrades had

had given him his load, they sought for one to carry him home. A porter was found, to convey him in a basket. He got him up with much trouble, and coming to Temple-bar, the gates were shut, for it was twelve at night. The porter knocks, the keeper comes, and desires to know his business. The porter answers, "A thing of great weight." Upon seeing the basket, the keeper asked what was in it, the porter answered, "*A Pot I carry.*"

A Pair of Spectacles.

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned of first, without speaking one word; the other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession of importance. "Good people," says he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see *a pair of spectacles.*"

The Watch.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which, the prosecutor cries out, "*Ten-pence*, my lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds.*" "Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake.*"

Heraldry.

Mr. Quick happened to be in company with a gentleman whose father was a *footman*, when heraldry became the subject of conversation: the gentleman observed, "he had seen his arms on a
baronet's

baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit, "your family, Sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

No distinction at the Gallows.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir," replied sweep, "I *won't* keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you."

May-Day.

Through the streets on May-day you have seen
without doubt

In sooty procession, a chimney-sweep rout,

With a garland of bushes parade;

Dress'd in barristers three-tail'd perukes from rag-
fair,

With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper
ware,

And chalk paint on their chubby cheeks laid.

Thus gaily bedight, they dance jigs at your door;

And a concert of shovel and brush goes before!

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be stirr'd,
 At exertion so awkward, and pride so absurd,
 With so trifling advantage in view;
 But should you advise, with however grave face,
 Any one to abandon his music and lace,
 He would laugh as profusely at you!
 In comparing importance, thro' life's whole career,
We are all to ourselves—that we think we appear!

The London Advertisement-makers out-done.

A provincial attorney lately advertised an estate for sale, or to be exchanged for another, in the following terms: "That he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to treat in this business; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers*; that he will enter in *preliminaries*, either upon the principle of the *status quo*, or *uti possidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous to make the purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *sine qua non*, and indeed at once to give his *ultimatum*!—assuring the public, that as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be concluded, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and *duly guaranteed*."

The Cranes.

Messier Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane which was roasting for his master's supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, observed several cranes at roost upon
 one

one leg; but his master shouting, they put down the other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not shout last night, for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too."—Cuñrado laughed, and Chinchilly escaped.

The Wisdom of Solomon—a Fact.

Mr. Charles — —, who was several years in the 'T—y, used every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the office, to pass by the canal in the park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the ducky ducky ducky, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgot them. "Poor ducky!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry, and cannot get you some bread; but here is sixpence for you to buy some;" and thereupon threw a sixpence to the ducks, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very *wisely* told the whole of the story to some gentlemen, with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the belly of one of them, which he gave to Charles to cut up: our hero was surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning; enraged, he bid the waiter send up his master, whom he saluted with the epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," says he, "Gentlemen, this *very* morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park."

Park." One of the gentlemen in the secret assured him it was a mistake, for that the ducks then on the table came from a friend of his at St. Alban's; on which Charles asked pardon, and peace was restored to the company.

Epigram

Miserum est alienæ incumbere Famæ. JUV.

" My *ancestors* acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of Fame;
Laurels in war my *grandsire* won;
My *father* in the senate shone;
My ——" " Stop, Sir:—say what *you* have done!"
" Done!—all their honours I inherit!"
" True, great Sir: *all*—except their MERIT!"

The Reproof.

A person was mulcted in a large sum by some understrappers of the state. He complained to the chief magistrate, who was indolent, and attended not to his petition. The man went to him repeatedly. At length the magistrate was angry, and said, " How long wilt thou make my head ache with thy complaints?" " The man replied, " My lord, thou art our *head*, where else can I go?" The magistrate stood reprov'd, and redressed his grievance.

Partnership extended.

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, " as she is more conformable to Richard Southall than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

King Lud.

One of the new batch of peers lately applied at the Herald's Office, to have that badge of honour, arms, painted for his coach. Being asked what kind of arms, the answer was, "Something new and smart." But not knowing from what family he sprung, and of course unable to point out any thing great being done by his ancestors, the herald was at a loss how to accommodate him, until he recollected one memorable event of his father, which was, that when a prisoner in *old Ludgate*, he made his escape by means of a rope from a window. The herald to this said, "Did he? Then, Sir, you are of a very ancient family. You are descended in a direct line from *King Lud*!"

Riddle.

More fickle than the weed that blows,
 More fragrant than the damask rose :
 What strikes with dread the honest tar ?
 What Nelson fears amidst the war ?
 What's colder than the frigid Zone ?
 What ladies you may call your own ?
 What's sweeter than a mutual kiss,
 Will instantly unriddle this.

ANSWER—NOTHING.

Epitaph in a Church-yard in Cornwall.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
 Who dy'd in the year of one thousand and one ;
 Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
 You may if you please, or let it alone ;

For it's all one
 To Gabriel John,
 Who dy'd in the year of one thousand and one.

A Descrip-

A Description of the Devil's Person.

- In the reign of Louis XIV. several ladies of rank were accused of magic. Of these, a duchess was examined by a magistrate, most *hideously ugly*. She confessed that she had conversed with the devil, "Under what semblance was he?" said the magistrate, gravely. "In his own person, and he resembled *you* as much as one drop of water does another."

Diogenes's Method of settling a Dispute.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer in these terms;—"Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow."

Necessity the Mother of Invention.

Put a Gascon into the most difficult adventure, and he will find an issue. A cadet of the country, a subaltern officer, left the army to return home. The purse of this gentleman was very light, and was exhausted when he was fifty leagues from his residence. How shall he act? He arrived, in the evening, at a capital inn. By his manners and effrontery his purse was believed to be well garnished. "Come," said he to the landlord, "good cheer, and a good fire!" He was served to his wish. After supper he was shewed to an excellent bed. Having digested his supper and his stratagem, he arose in the middle of the night; and, by a trap door he had looked for and seen by day, he ascended the roof of the house, and hiding his breeches in an unsearchable corner, he returned to bed. On the morning he ordered the setvant-girl
to

to make a brisk fire, for it was very cold. Meantime he searched for his breeches. "My body," said he, "do I dream? Where are my breeches?" In fine, all the family were summoned; the whole house was searched, but still no breeches. All the time, the Gascon amused himself with exclamations: "Has the devil taken my breeches? This is the most amazing thing I ever met with!" The landlord enters; a new search is begun; the house is turned topsy-turvy; but still no breeches. After a thorough search, the Gascon said to the landlord—"You know that I did not come here without breeches. What I regret most is the loss of twenty pistoles in them. Summon your servants, put them to the question." At last the Gascon exclaimed—"What is to be done? I do not wish to bring you before a court of justice, though I should certainly be believed on my word. As I am no Norman, I do not love to plead. If we came to law, it would cost you very dear; but I have compassion on you, and am willing even to lose. Give me ten or twelve pistoles, and a new pair of breeches, and I am gone." The landlord, glad to be so off, gave him a new pair of breeches of his own, with the ten pistoles; and they parted very well pleased with each other.

Epigram.

A vicar in a certain vale,
His farmers thus address;
"As much my friends as you love ale,
So much do I love rest:
"One humming cag behind the stairs,
This cellar key secures;
'Bate me but half to-morrow's prayers,
And half that cag is yours."

Doctrine so feelingly propos'd,
 His eager audience snapt;
 The morrow came, the church stood clos'd,
 The humming cag was tapt.

Bumper by bumper, jug by jug,
 A gradual vacuum made,
 Till hollow round the midway plug
 Alarming echoes play'd.

" Doctor!" exclaim'd a child of fun,
 " O heed what we implore!
 And since so far so well you've done,
 E'en do a little more!

" Snug as we are, thus hand to fist,
 What pity 'twere to wag!
 Rest the whole day, if so you list,
 And give us—all the cag!"

On Disrespect of Magistrates.

A gentleman in the presence of his Majesty spoke very disrespectfully of the characters and offices of magistrates; at the same time expatiated very amply on the merit of military men, to the disadvantage of the former. " Blockhead," replied the King, " hold your peace. If all governors behaved as they should do, the world would have no occasion for men of the sword.

Old Gregory.

" I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

" I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds!" said old Gregory, as he attained the summit

summit of a hill which commanded a full prospect of his estate ; “ and here,” said he, “ I’ll plant an orchard ; and on that spot I’ll have a pinery.”

“ Yon farm-houses shall come down,” said old Gregory, “ they interrupt my view.”

“ Then what will become of the farmers ?” asked the steward, who attended him.

“ That’s their business,” answered old Gregory.

“ And that mill must not stand upon the stream,” said old Gregory.

“ Then how will the villagers grind their corn ?” asked the steward.

“ That’s not my business,” answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber, from which he never awoke. The farmers reside on their lands—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice in his death.

Dr. Warren.

Dr. Warren expired, saying, “ there was no use in physic ;” as Brutus died exclaiming—“ Virtue was no more than a name.” But though there may be no use in taking physic, there is a great deal in giving it. The Doctor has left, it is said, *one hundred and fifty thousand* proofs of its utility.

The Unequal Combatants.

Mrs. Forty, who once kept at Chelt’nam the spa,

And, ’tis like enough, now does the same :

One night, when at cards, her antagonist saw

That, by far, she’d the best of the game :

When a bye-stander asking him how stood the rub,
 He reply'd in a pertinent pun—
 "Twice twenty poor devils like me she can drub,
 For the odds are just *forty* to one.

The King of the Bulls.

I will give you what I call the king of the bulls.
 An Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman,
 who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who
 requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehe-
 mently—"I will give you nothing. You played
 me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old
 woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she
 had done him? He answered, "I was a *fine* boy,
 and you *changed* me."

In this bull even personal identity is confounded.

Pour l'Amour de Dieu.

A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop,
 in Paris, and requested to be shaved, *pour l'amour*
de Dieu, (i. e.) "for the love of God." The
 barber not being one of those who love to sacri-
 fice two-pence to an act of piety, treated the poor
 monk with a blunt razor, and water scarcely
 warm. Under these circumstances, it was im-
 possible the operation could be well performed.
 The barber scratched and cut the poor victim of
 his avarice, who sat with tears in his eyes, longing
 to be set at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and
 a monkey making a noise together, at the other side
 of the room, the barber called to know what was
 the matter.—"Oh!" replied the monk, "it is
 only the monkey shaving the cat for the love of
 God."

Parting

Parting Advice.

A well-meaning country lass, who was going to town to service, received, as the parting advice of a fond father, (who had heard her place had been procured in the family of a duke,) an admonition, always, when answering, to say, "grace," instead of "sir." This injunction she kept so sacred, that a journey of near two hundred miles had no influence towards eradicating it from her memory. Introduced into the family, some few days passed without having seen the duke; when, one morning she happened to meet him in a passage from the staircase, so narrow that he could not but observe her; and seeing her rather pretty, jocosely said, "So, how do you like your place?" "Very well," she replied; "for what we have received the Lord make us truly thankful." He smiled, as may naturally be supposed; but, being remarkably good-natured, asked her which she preferred, town or country;—she, true, as she thought, to her father's advice, said, very modestly, "God's holy name be blessed and praised for this present refreshment, and for all his mercies from time to time, &c."

Epigram by P. Pindar.

If blisters to his head apply'd,
Some little sense hestow;
What pity 'tis they were not try'd
Some twenty years ago!

Poetry no Use.

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once, before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a wig than

than to make a poem; adding, "What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?" "This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of poetry; that having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

Ugly Foot.

A gentleman who was lame, by both his feet being turned inwards, to conceal this deformity used to wear a long gown. Being once in company, by chance he disclosed one of his feet: and observing a lady who saw it winking to the rest of the company, that they might take notice of it, "Ladies," exclaimed the philosopher, "you have great reason to laugh at this stump of a foot of mine: but I will lay you a wager that there is a much more deformed foot than this in the present company." A murmur arose on this speech through the whole circle; each man and woman looked at one another's feet. "It is concealed," said the gentleman, "but, to prove my assertion true, I will make the discovery." On saying which, he drew his gown aside, and displayed his other foot, which was still a more hideous object than that which they had seen, after having abashed the lady for her imprudence.

Alfred the Great.

When the illustrious Alfred, king of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method
of

of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of the royal guest, and seeing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him that he was always ready enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful in future.

The Unfortunate Clown.

A clown in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage, broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "D—n the hogs I zae that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shou'nt have had this trouble with thee!"

On the Attributes of God.

Christopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces, composed, in one of his solitary walks, a few of the prettiest lines I have for some time met with. They are not among his works. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleasure.

"A raven

“ A raven once an acorn took
 From Basan's tallest, stoutest tree,
 He hid it near a limpid brook,
 And liv'd—another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
 Which fear still keeps alive;
 And bids us with misfortunes cope,
 And all calamity survive.”

Generosity.

Admiral D—— being one day at prayers in the church of ——, a beggar came and implored alms of him, at the time that he was fervent at his prayers. The admiral putting his hand into his pocket, gave him a great number of pieces of gold, without counting them, or thinking on what he was doing. So considerable a sum dazzled the eyes, and surprised the poor man greatly; but he was perfectly honest, as will appear from his conduct. He waited for the admiral at the church door, and as he was going out, “Sir,” said he, (shewing him what he had received,) “I do not know whether you intend to bestow so great a sum upon me; and if you did not, I will not take it. This behaviour surprised the admiral, who, gazing at the poor man with admiration, “I did not design,” said he, “to give you all the money you shew me; however, since you are so generous as to restore it, I will be no less so, and therefore shall leave it with you.”

The Counsellor.

Criminals are frequently allowed counsel to defend them. A thief was one day caught in the great chamber, (a court of justice in Paris) cutting
 a purse.

a purse. The court allowed the knave a counsellor to defend him. The counsellor went up to him, and taking him aside, "Is it true," said he, "that you cut the purse of somebody now in court?" "It is very true, Sir," replied the thief, "but—" "hold you tongue," said the lawyer, "the best counsel I can give you is, to scamper away as fast as possible." The thief took the hint, and ran down the stair-case. The counsellor returning afterwards into court, the first president asked, what he had to say in defence of the thief? "Gentlemen," replied he, "the poor wretch confessed his crime to me; and he was not guarded by any one, and as I was appointed his counsel, I thought fit to advise him to run away. He did not hesitate, but vanished in an instant."

Le Confesseur.

Un confesseur demandant par curiosité en confession à une de ses penitentes, comment elle s'appeloit; Elle lui répondit, avec autant d'esprit que de modestie, en ces termes: Mon pere; mon nom n'est pas un péché."

Parboiled-Coals.

The Leeds and Liverpool canal company, lately employed a common councilman of the city of London as their agent to sell their **PARBOLD** Coals. The *learned* citizen had, in consequence, notified over his door, "Real *Parboiled* Coals sold here."

More Irons in the Fire.

Mrs. B——, desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion on a new work of her's; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she
had

had other irons in the fire, and, in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else ; upon which the doctor, having turned over the work, said, " Then, madam, I would advise you to put this where your *irons* are."

Hieroglyphic.

A farmer of the gabelle on salt had built a villa like a palace. Displaying it to his friends, it was observed, that a statue was wanting for a large niche in the vestibule. " I mean to put there," said the farmer, " some allegorical statue relating to my business."—" You may then put Lot's wife, who was changed to a statue of salt," answered one of his friends.

FINIS.



